7

THE BRITISH GENERAL; A POEM,

Sacred to the MEMORY of his Grace

JOHN,

Duke of MARLBOROUGH.

Inscribed to the Right Honourable

William, Earl *Cadogan*.

By N. AMHURST.

Quantos ille virûm magnam Mavortis ad urbem
Campus aget Gemitus! vel quæ Tiberine videbis
Funera, cum Tumulum præterlabere recentem.

Virgil.

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BRITISH GENERAL;

A

POEM,

ON

TO THE

Right HONOURABLE

WILLIAM,

Earl *CADOGAN.*

DISDAIN not, mighty Chief, to (whom descend
The Virtues and the Honours of your (Friend,
To view the Trophy which the Muses raise
To CHURCHILL's Name, in these ambitious (Lays,
Nor let the *Herald* merit all the Praise.

To

DEDICATION.

To you, my Lord, our other Hope, belong
These mournful Numbers and this funeral Song;
Which to the Patron of *Europa*'s Laws
A youthful Bard with grateful Sorrow draws;
For whilſt the Story of his Life I trace,
And follow him in War, from Place to Place;
Mix'd with his Deeds I read thy awful Name,
Which run together, parallel in Fame;
In every Camp you bear no vulgar part,
And ſhare the weighty Counſels of his Heart;
In every Battle with your Chief combine,
In every Siege you ſtretch the ambient Line,
And ſtorm the Breach or ſpring the ſecret Mine.

Beneath

DEDICATION.

Beneath his Eye, with inborn Glory fir'd,
The love of Arms and Conqueſt you acquir'd;
Warm in your Breaſt his gen'rous Ardours roll'd,
Alike by Toils and Dangers uncontroll'd:
From him you copied all the Leader's Art,
The ſame cool Head and bold, intrepid Heart;
Reſerv'd in Council, eager in the Field,
And fix'd, by his Example, not to yield.

While theſe illuſtrious Annals I review,
And find ſo great a Part perform'd by You;
For CHURCHILL's Loſs I feel a lighter Woe,
And half my ſtarting Tears forbid to flow;

For

DEDICATION.

For ſtill, my Lord, to loyal *Britiſh* Hearts
No common Joy and Tranſport it imparts;
Still to the Foe no common Pain it gives,
That a new MARLBRO' in CADOGAN lives.

THE

THE BRITISH GENERAL, A POEM.

CHURCHILL is dead! and in that Word is loſt
The braveſt Leader of the braveſt Hoſt;
A veteran Chief, that in the bloody Field
For forty rolling Years untaught to yield;

Through half the ſever'd Globe obtain'd Renown,
And with its brighteſt Gems adorn'd the *Britiſh* Crown.

Beyond what antient Heroes could atchieve,
Beyond what future Ages will believe,
His Actions riſe, by ſome diviner Grace
Diſtinguiſh'd from the Deeds of human Race;
Unnumber'd and unrival'd o'er his Foes
Are the great Conqueſts, which his Life compoſe;
Such vaſt Exploits contribute to his Fame,
So many Lawrels ſhade his deathleſs Name,
He looks like *Mars*, invincible in Fight,
And ſhines, unſullied with a ſingle Flight.

Heav'n ſeem'd his matchleſs Glory to regard,
Which rais'd for ſuch a Chief an equal Bard;

In ADDISON reviv'd the *Mantuan* ſtrain,
To ſing the Triumphs of but one *Campaign*;
Whilſt in that Verſe, which with the *Æneid* vies,
The routed *Gaul* before his Standard flies;
Whilſt PRIOR triumphs o'er his Rival-Muſe,
And in immortal Verſe the Foe ſubdues;
Whilſt PHILIPS in *Miltonian* Phraſe recites
The ſame unequal'd Toils and glorious Fights;
From the fam'd Chiefs of *Athens* and of *Rome*
MARLBRO' ſhall bear the Palm in times to come;
Achilles, *Ammon* and the *Julian* Star,
With all thoſe antient Thunderbolts of War,
To BLENHEIM's Victor ſhall reſign their Claims,
And condeſcend to paſs for vulgar Names.

In wild Ambition, in the waſte of Blood,
And Acts, injurious to the publick Good,
Their Glory lay, to ſpread unjuſt Alarms,
And ravage peaceful Nations with their Arms;
To burn down Cities, to deſtroy and kill,
And bow the World to their imperious Will ----
Thus *Cæſar* reign'd, in wicked Arts refin'd,
Fam'd for the Scourge and Miſchief of Mankind:
Thus *Alexander* in oppreſſing Right,
In Plunder and in Rapine took delight,
Smiled o'er one ruin'd World, with impious Joy,
And wept for others, only to deſtroy.

By different Toils, more glorious and ſublime,
Up the ſteep Hill of Fame did MARLBRO' climb;

In

In Freedom's Cauſe he drew the righteous Blade,
And fought to reſcue Nations, not invade;
From homebred Tyrants and from foreign Foes
To free Mankind and give the World repoſe.

Barbarian States thoſe antient Chiefs ſubdu'd,
Artleſs of Warfare, and in Manners rude;
Nations that in Diſorder throng'd the Field,
Unskilful to aſſault and prone to yield;
Of martial Proweſs and of Conduct void,
By their own Numbers eaſily deſtroy'd.

Far other Wars our *Britiſh* Heroe wag'd,
With Foes, the terror of the World, engag'd;
Foes, who the Slights of Battle underſtood,
Long vers'd in Camps and diſciplin'd in Blood;

A martial People, though a People vain,
Slaves, that o'er free-born Souls aſpir'd to reign ---
Germania trembled when their Hoſts drew near,
And half the weſtern World was ſeiz'd with Fear:
'Twas then great MARLBRO' in his Rage, went forth
To curb theſe proud Oppreſſors of the Earth;
Such were his Queen's Commands; and at the Word,
Firm by his Side he binds his faithful Sword;
Britannia's Sons upon their Leader wait,
And her ſtrong Barks receive the warlike Freight;
To *Flandria*'s Coaſt the Winds obedient blow,
And bear them to the *Gaul*, their antient Foe;
Soon as they touch the Strand, their brave Allies
Hail them with Shouts, that rend the joyful Skies;
Onward they move, a firm united Train,
And by laborious Marches reach the Plain;

There pitch their Camp, which, dreadful to their Foes,
In a few Hours a canvas City roſe.

Then MARLBRO' paus'd, and to his ſumptuous Tent
For the chief Captains of the Nations ſent;
Awful they took their Seats, in Order plac'd,
And AUVERQUERQUE the great Aſſembly grac'd.

To him the *Britiſh* Chief: " O famed in Fight,
" Bold to oppoſe and puniſh lawleſs Might,
" Thee, old in War, in early Camps renown'd,
" I joy to meet on this inſulted Ground;
" Me *Britain*'s Princeſs, weighing in her Mind
" The fatal Scheme by *Europe*'s Foe deſign'd,
" Sends with her choiceſt Sons, a truſty Band,
" With you theſe raſh Invaders to withſtand,

The

" The Pride of false *Bavaria* to chastise,
" And bid the *Roman* Eagle tow'r her native Skies.

" Behold! how fresh the goodly Troops appear,
" In Hardship train'd, and panting for the War;
" Their lusty Nerves the Thirst of Glory fires,
" And their own native Liberty inspires;
" Their sanguine Cheeks with martial Ardours glow,
" And their Hearts beat against the distant Foe.

" Say (for to us belongs the common Care,
" The Discipline and Order of the War)
" Shall Battles, or shall Sieges first be form'd?
" Shall Hosts be vanquish'd or shall Towns be storm'd?

" Shall

" Shall we provoke these Boasters to the Field?
" Or force the well-arm'd Garrisons to yield?
" Quick let us give the Word, redeem the Lands,
" And wrest the Forts from their usurping Hands;
" Teach their proud Hearts to bend, and make them (know
" What is the Strength of a CONFEDERATE Foe.

Whilst yet he spake, his comely Features glow'd,
And the just Anger of his Bosom show'd;
The mingled Chieftains listned to his Voice,
And with Applause confirm'd *Britannia's* Choice.

Now in the Wind the *British* Ensigns play,
And the stern Legions march in firm Array;
From *Gravenbroek* they drive the faithless *Gauls*,
From *Venlo's* threatning Tow'rs and *Ruremond's* (Walls;

To *Stevenſwaert* extend their dreadful Courſe,
And *Liege* ſubmits to their victorious Force,
That wealthy City, fortify'd in vain,
Crowns the great Triumphs of the firſt Campaign.

Mean while deſponding BOUFFLERS drops his Pride,
And fears in equal Battle to confide;
From Camp to Camp he flies the conquering Hoſt,
And mourns the Frontier Towns already loſt.

The wintering Army ceaſes from its Toil,
And their brave Leader ſeeks his native Soil;
The *Belgian* States their kind Deliverer meet,
And their own Safety in his Triumphs greet;

From

From thence to *Britain*'s longing Court he ſails,
Driv'n to the Coaſt by freſh, auſpicious Gales;
Before his QUEEN, deliver'd from her Fears,
Calm in the midſt of Conqueſt he appears;
His ſmiling QUEEN extends her gracious Hand,
And with new Titles honours his Command;
The Senate his ſucceſsful Zeal approve,
And recommend him to their Country's Love;
With Joy the People on his Aſpect gaze,
And the whole Nation joins in MARLBRO's Praiſe.

While theſe Applauſes on the Victor wait,
Behold! an unexpected Blow of Fate!
Heav'n takes his only Son, the lovely Boy,
Heir of his Virtues and his Age's Joy;

Where *Cam*, the Subject of the Poet's Song,
Diſperſing Streams of Science, rolls along,
Blooming in Knowledge, and in Learning's Pride,
The graceful Youth, by all lamented, dy'd.
But noble Minds ſurmount domeſtick Cares,
Suppreſs their burſting Sighs and check their Tears,
Prefer the publick Joy to private Grief,
And in their Country's Welfare find Relief.

The Spring returns, and to the tented Plain,
Calls *Britain*'s great Commander forth again;
There he forgets his ſharp, paternal Woe,
Loſt in his Triumphs o'er the common Foe;
For ſtill did Conqueſt round his Enſigns play,
And Fame ſtill follow'd, where he led the VVay:

Bonn feels his Wrath, inveſted with Alarms,
And vainly ſtrives with the Confederate Arms;
Againſt her Walls erected Batteries pour
Of Bombs and whiſtling Balls an Iron ſhow'r;
Soon was ſhe forc'd to yield, her Peace to claim,
And add new Luſtre to the *Britiſh* Name.

From *Maeſtrict* next he chas'd the crafty Foe,
And ſav'd the Town from a clandeſtine Blow;
Far from her Walls the flying Rout he drives,
Which dreads the fatal Ground, where he arrives.

Still in his Thought new Labours he deſigns,
To mix in Fight, or force the hoſtile Lines;
To mix in Fight the ſkulking *Gaul* denies,
And *Belgia* ſhuns the ſecond Enterprize;

Sway'd by her Fears, Himſelf untouch'd with Fear,
He leaves that Glory for another Year;
Yet in the ſearch of Dangers unconfin'd,
And reſtleſs in the Cauſe of human kind,
New Sieges charm; and e'er he quits the Field,
Limburg and *Huy* to his Protection yield.

Again the Victor to *Britannia*'s Shore
Returns, more welcome than he was before:
Short time of Reſt the painful Warrior ſhares,
That in his Breaſt the Fate of *Europe* bears;
The Summer points out Labour for his Sword,
And Winter calls him to the Council-Board;
When from the Camp a ſhort Receſs he gains,
'Tis but to form the Plan of new Campaigns.

The *Belgic* Lords of *Britain*'s Queen demand,
In humble Suit, the Guardian of their Land,
New Measures to concert against the Foe,
And urge his Fate by one decisive Blow:
Thither he sails, the future War to guide,
And in the Council of the States preside.

Warm, and more warm his active Genius glows,
In every Scheme more dreadful to his Foes;
In every Battle he excels the past,
In every Siege he tow'rs above the last;
And all the Trophies which have crown'd his Name,
Are but the Preludes to his future Fame.

At length the great, important Year is come,
Big with *Bavaria*'s Fall and *Bourbon*'s Doom;

From

From which bright Æra future Times ſhall date
Auſtria's reviving Strength, and *Europe*'s Fate.
To the fam'd Heroes of this glorious Year,
Succeeding Bards their Patrons ſhall compare;
And when they ſtrain their Panegyricks high,
With EUGENE and with MARLBRO' make them vye.

By toilſome Marches to the *Danube*'s Shore,
Deſtin'd to ruſh in Streams of hoſtile Gore,
CHURCHILL advanc'd, and with EUGENIO join'd
In mutual Counſels, and an equal Mind,
Scornful of Danger, haſten'd to the Fight,
Where SCHELLEMBERG roſe dreadful to the Sight;
Thro' wedg'd Battalians, up the ſteepy Mound
Planted with Cannons, ſcattering Death around;

Thro'

Thro' ſhow'rs of miſſive Lead, and clouds of Smoke,
Forcing their Way, the glorious Leaders broke;
Compell'd the yielding Lines, and o'er the Plain
Purſu'd the Foe, a diſconcerted Train.

Where ſhall we find an End of MARLBRO's Deeds?
Lo! Victory to Victory ſucceeds!
On every Conqueſt, greater Conqueſts riſe,
And his Fame ſpreads, dilating in the Skies.

Blenheim's ennobled Field demands my Lays,
A Field ſo pregnant with immortal Praiſe;
So rich with Lawrels and triumphant Spoils,
It leſſens all his former God-like Toils;
Degrades the Glory which his Arms had won,
And, till this Day, amaz'd the rolling Sun.

Methinks I ſee, refulgent from a Far,
The lowring Fronts advancing to the War;
From Right to Left they ſtretch their lengthen'd Lines,
And big with Death their poliſh'd Armour ſhines;

Aloft in Air the ſilken Banners fly,
And the loud Trumpet ſpeaks the Battle nigh;
From Rank to Rank the buſy Leaders move,
Firing their Soldiers with their Country's Love:
The Charge begins, tumultuous Thunders riſe,
Thick Lightnings gleam, and Smoke involves the Skies;
The ſhouts of War, and mingled Groans reſound,
And Heaps of Carnage ſtrew the ghaſtly Ground.
Long did the ſtruggling Foe diſdain to yield
The golden Prize of this important Field;
Well hop'd his Monarch's Loſſes to o'er pay
With the Succeſs of this concluſive Day;

The

The Glory of his Nation to reſtore,
And vindicate the Battles loſt before.

In vain they truſt to the ſuperiour Ground,
With Rivers and Moraſſes fenc'd around;
In vain do their exulting Hearts conſide
In Villages well man'd on either ſide;
In vain from Numbers and unequal Might,
Their ſwelling Hearts anticipate the Fight:
All theſe Advantages of War are loſt,
When Freedom fires, and CHURCHILL leads the Hoſt.

In firm Plattoons the *Britiſh* Cohorts fire,
And now in Crouds the *Gallick* Troops retire;
Whole Squadrons preſs the Plain, beſmear'd with Blood,
And Squadrons plunge into the rapid Flood;

From CHURCHILL fly for Refuge to the Deep,
And in the Whirlpools of the *Danube* ſleep:
Some on the Victor's Clemency rely,
And others wildly in Confuſion fly,
Nor yet eſcape; o'er-taken in the Flight,
They feel diſhoneſt Wounds and ſhame the Sight;
Or, led in captive Chains, draw ſervile Breath,
And drag a Life, to Soldiers worſe than Death.

Such, O *Tallard!* was thy unhappy Fate,
Seiz'd, and in Bondage kept, a Slave of State;
How didſt thou curſe, in Wrath, thy tim'rous Bands,
That tamely left Thee in the Victor's Hands:
Doom'd by thy Foes in *Britain* to remain
A ſtalking Monument of HOCKSTET's Plain!

Fluſh'd

Flush'd with two Conquests, so immensely great,
Well might the Victor from the Field retreat;
Grant a short Respite to his shatter'd Foes,
And o'er his Lawrels for a while repose;
But warm in Action, CHURCHILL's God-like Breast
Demands no Pauses, nor his Eye-lids Rest;
Who, after all these mighty Battles won,
Esteems the great Campaign but just begun.

Through every Scene, 'twere endless to pursue,
And keep the flying Conquerour in View;
His Laurels far out-strip the Poet's Wing,
And flourish faster than the Muse can sing;
Unnumber'd Actions of no vulgar Fame,
Each worthy to support a deathless Name;

Camps,

Camps, Battles, Sieges, Storms, a ſhining Roll,
That all proclaim his vaſt, unwearied Soul;
Too long for Verſe, in the Hiſtorian's Page,
Shall warm the Readers of a future Age;
(That Work, O STEELE, from thy ſufficient Hands
CHURCHILL's illuſtrious Progeny demands)
Landau ſubdu'd, *Ramillia's* laurell'd Plain,
Liſle, *Audenard*, *Blarigma*, and *Bouchain*,
Which after BLENHEIM, to deſcribe were vain.

Ordain'd by Heav'n the ravag'd World to bleſs,
For ten long Summers, with unchang'd Succeſs,
To diſtant Lands the *Britiſh* Arms he bore,
Where *Britain's* Glory never reach'd before;
The *Maeſe*, the *Rhine*, the *Danube*, and the *Scheld*,
Wond'ring the Terrors of his Arm beheld;

Freed

Freed by his Sword from their usurping Foes,
For his own Lord each happy River flows;
Austria's young Monarch views with secret Pride,
His lawful Realms secur'd on every side;
The *Boian* Rebel, by his Crimes defac'd
Sees his sad Country, now a Desart waste;
Warm with just Rage, the *German* Troops advance,
Swift to revenge their Wrongs on haughty *France*;
Lo UIS begins to fear, oppress'd with Shame,
And sickens at the Sound of CHURCHILL's Name.

Contending Nations vy'd in his Applause,
And styl'd him the Preserver of their Laws;
His Merit Kings in Gratitude confest,
And Emperours his martial Virtues blest;

Ev'n *Britain* (that odd Nation of the Earth,
Still forward to degrade her native Worth)
Charm'd with the first strong Glories of his Fame,
Join'd in his Praises and extoll'd his Name;
With publick Honours crown'd his restless Toil,
And voted him the Father of her Isle.

Here might I end! and *Britain*'s Madness spare,
When factious Envy took up all her Care!
Never did Subject with so warm a Zeal,
Deserve so nobly from the Publick Weal;
Never was Subject, by a grateful Land,
Rewarded with so bountiful an Hand;
Yet! — by a People, from their Virtue stray'd,
Never was such a Chief so ill repaid! ——

On

On brazen Columns, and on Coins of Gold,
Let it in lasting Characters be told;
That for her Victor, this rejoycing *Isle*,
Near *Woodstock*'s Grotto, rais'd the stately Pile;
That his just QUEEN augmented his Renown
With ancient Mannors of the *British* Crown;
And that the *Senate*, anxious for his Fame,
By a new Law immortaliz'd his Name:
But in late Ages may it ne'er be known,
That CHURCHILL was disgrac'd, from Favour (thrown:
Was call'd a Traytor, made the Rabble's Sport,
And driven an Exile to a foreign Court - ---
Be all his Honours, to remove that Blot,
Remember'd! his Indignities forgot!

Thro' five ſucceſſive Reigns his Virtues ran,
And finiſh'd, by degrees, the God-like Man;
Loyal in all, to every Monarch true,
Whilſt to each Monarch Loyalty was due;
But with Oppreſſors of his native Land
Scorn'd to combine or lend his venal Hand;
Fir'd, by theſe Motives, with a noble Pride,
He fled from JAMES and fought on WILLIAM's ſide.

But ſee! the ſad Proceſſion moves along,
And from his living Deeds diverts my Song;
How ſlow and ſolemn thro' the crowded Street,
How truly worthy of a Charge ſo great;
The Hearſe proceeds, with pompous Emblems (crown'd;
And Trophies of his Actions blazon'd round:

His

G.

His veteran Troops, Companions of his Wars,
Grown white in Arms, and mark'd with glorious Scars,
(Their laſt ſad March!) upon their Chief attend,
And to his Tomb in mournful Order bend;
Each drooping Head the Heart's deep Anguiſh ſpeaks,
And the Tears trickle down their manly Cheeks;
The Drum and Trumpet yield a doleful Sound,
And wait upon their Maſter to the Ground.

But who is that amidſt the weeping Train,
That ſtalks along with inſolent Diſdain?
Malignant Joy his laughing Eyes diſcloſe,
And interrupt the Scene of publick Woes,
Lo! on his Temples, blanch'd with ſilver Hairs,
A faded Crown of Royalty he wears.

Inward he ſeems to grieve for Empire loſt;
Alas! the ſame; 'tis BOURBON's reſtleſs Ghoſt;
Stooping to Earth the wrinkled Form declines,
And mutt'ring thus, at Providence repines.

" Is this the Man, the Terrour of our Hoſt,
" By whoſe fam'd Arm ſo many Fields we loſt?
" Is this the Man, that on inferior Ground,
" Vanquiſh'd our boaſted Liſt of Warriours round?
" That fatten'd *Flandria*'s Plains with *Gallick* Blood,
" And with our Subjects choak'd the *Danube's* Flood?
" Is this the mighty Chief, by Fate deſign'd
" The Scourge of Tyrants and Protector of Mankind?

" Behold! how calm his Eagle-Eyes appear,
" No longer ſtriking Hoſts with pannick Fear;

" Now

" Now like his Foes he ſeems, ſubdu'd in War,
" And awes no more than LOUIS or BAVAR.

" Oh! that kind Death had cloſ'd thoſe hated (Eyes,
" Long e'er his Banners wav'd in *Flandrian* Skies!
" Or that by Heav'n 'twere given me to revive,
" And once again the *Gallick* Monarch live;
" Again with *Europe* to diſpute the Day,
" And wage my Claim to univerſal Sway!——
" Alas! does Envy then purſue the Dead?
" O wild Ambition! whither am I led?
" Yet were it vain! for ſtill this warlike Iſle,
" Boaſts other Leaders, MORDAUNT and ARGYLE;
" Still lives the Partner of his ten Campaigns,
" Still the ſame Genius in CADOGAN reigns.

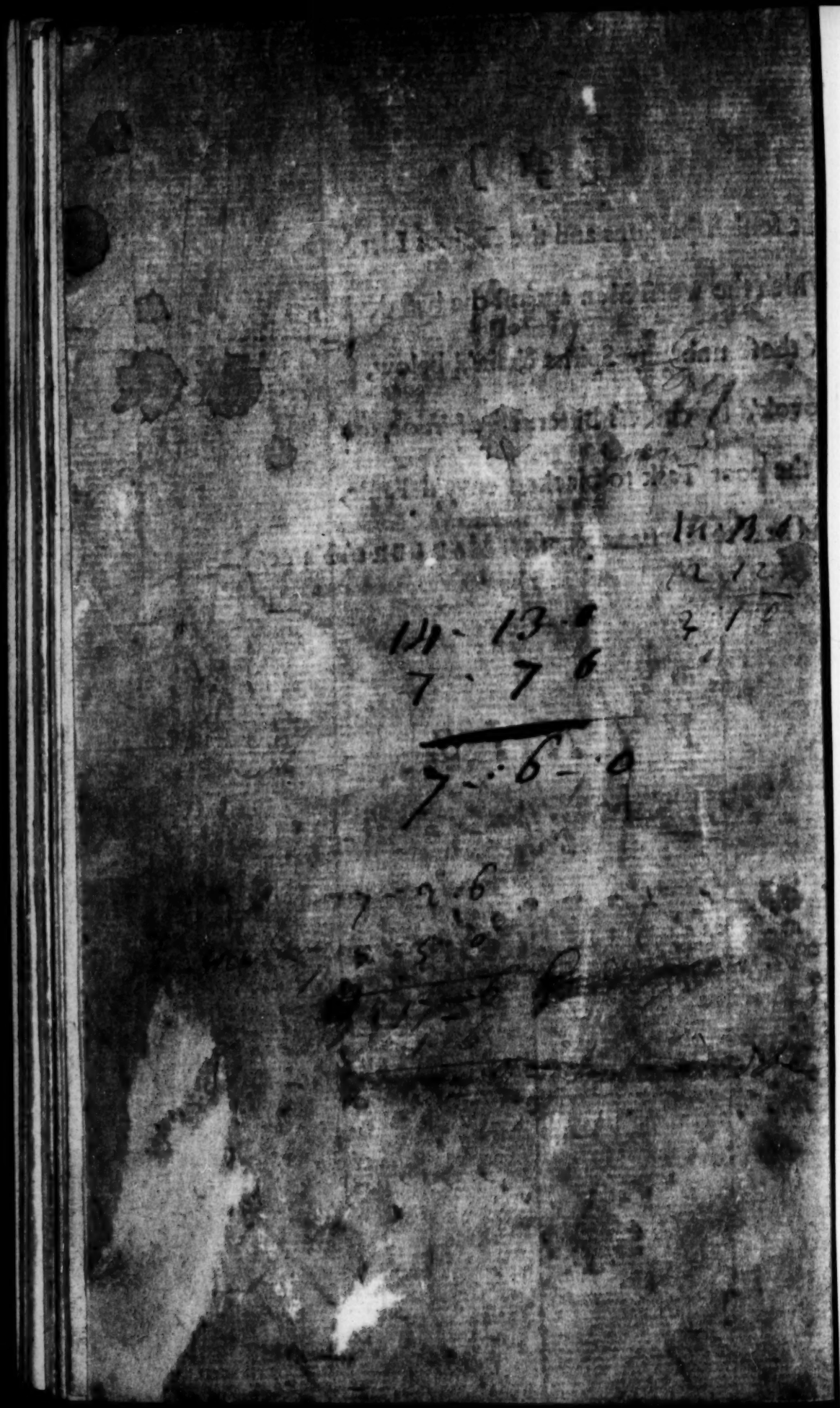
" To

" To him does BRUNSWICK truſt the great Command,
" And puts the *Britiſh* Truncheon in his Hand;
" With this, ſays he, maintain the World's Repoſe,
" And be another CHURCHIL to my Foes.

Stung with theſe Thoughts, the Tyrant-Shade deſcends,
And vents his Rage amongſt his Fellow Fiends.

To thoſe dark Regions and malignant Glooms,
Where the Sun's chearful Radiance never comes,
Of CHURCHILL's Foes ſink all the wicked Rage,
And frantick Zeal of an ungrateful Age;
There ſleep for ever the degenerate Arts
Of baſe reviling Tongues and thankleſs Hearts;

The

The foul Aſperſions and the factious Lies,
Which the worſt Men againſt the beſt deviſe;
Of thoſe unhappy Spirits chain'd below,
Provok'd by endleſs Bitterneſs of Woe,
Be the poor Task to blacken envy'd Fame,
And next to MICHAEL, gnaſh at MARLBRO's Name.

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